



POETS, PROPHETS  
AND  
REVOLUTIONARIES



The Rising Press  
BM-LCRN  
London  
WC1N 3XX  
England



First published in England 1995  
By THE RISING PRESS (Publisher),  
BM Box LCRN, LONDON WC1N 3XX.

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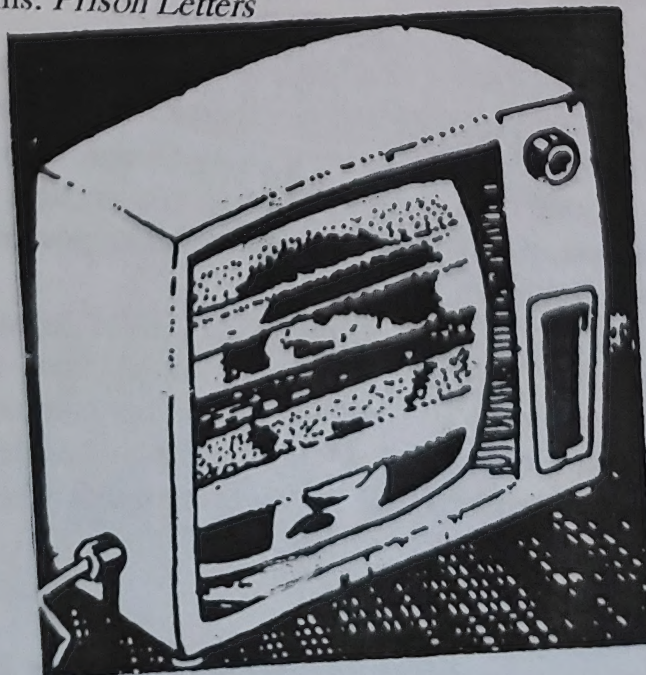
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# INTRODUCTION



THESE EXTRACTS ARE designed to prove one very simple point. Whilst Revolutionary Nationalism is primarily a parochial doctrine, embraced by those for whom the affairs of one's own geographical entity is a natural concern, it is also an inter-national phenomenon in that it is commonly expressed in similar ways throughout the greater European Motherland.

Déspite their respective nationalities, whenever the Strasser brothers speak to us of wage-slavery and economic hypocrisy, or Degrelle and Denis convey the sterility of the party system they sought to overthrow, it is as though such people were describing the oligarchic system on our own doorstep. For in conjunction with our sufferance of Free Trade and Big Business, the same disease continues to posture overseas in the ornamental robes of German and Belgian Capitalism.

This is the very crux: whilst the ENM's chief loyalties lie with the small, but enchanting isle we call England, there is a broad front of anti-Capitalist opposition throughout Europe and, when all is said and done, our common allies abroad are waging a common fight against a common foe. On that note of professed unity, we invite you to examine the poets, the prophets and the revolutionaries which have helped to shape our destiny.

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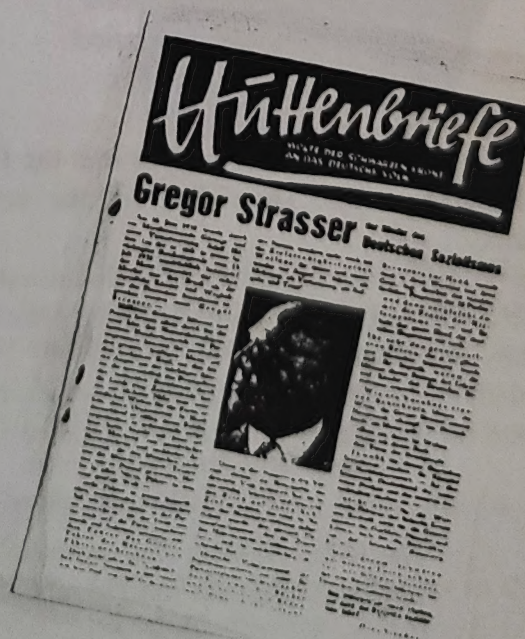
# PART ONE

## OTTO STRASSER: GREGOR STRASSER, HARBINGER OF GERMAN SOCIALISM

NATIONAL REVOLUTIONARIES remember Otto Strasser as one of the twentieth century's greatest revolutionary theorists. When Strasser became disillusioned with the economic treachery of the N.S.D.A.P., Adolf Hitler's blatant attempts to seduce him with lucrative offers of promotion and power were simply not enough to dissuade him from his destiny; that of defending the principles of German Socialism from the Right-wing reactionaries which had hijacked the National-Socialist German Workers Party for their own warmongering ends. In short, Otto Strasser remains the epitome of the brave, self-sacrificing and highly determined Political Soldier. In this extract, Otto fondly recalls the astounding qualities of his murdered brother, Gregor.

ON 30th JUNE 1934, my brother, Gregor Strasser, was murdered on Goering's orders (though Adolf Hitler, in the notorious Reichstag speech of 13 July 1934, frankly proclaimed his own responsibility). This was the man who, in conjunction with Moeller van den Bruck, may be regarded as chief herald and pioneer of German Socialism.

Through him alone it was that millions of Germans of both sexes made acquaintance with the new idea of National Socialism. Hundreds of thousands of the members of the National Socialist Party knew him personally, the tall and vigorous man with a striking head, lucid eyes, and a powerful voice, who indefatigably preached the gospel of National Socialism all over the country. Tens of thousands had watched from close at hand his unceasing efforts on behalf of the Party whose organisation in North Germany was exclusively, and elsewhere in the Reich mainly, his work, which was done with that rare





mingling of personal cordiality and unstinted zeal for toil that enabled him to move persons and master things. Thousands valued him as a friend, a helper in time of trouble, a leader into a new intellectual and spiritual world.

Not that he ever was a 'leader' in that superficial, arrogant, Byzantine style which later became typical of the Party, when its soul had vanished and form had become all important, demanding worship from idolaters. No, he was a leader of the spirit, a leader of the heart, a leader of endeavour.

It is not only because Gregor Strasser had so outstanding a personality that we wish to put a portrait of him before the nation to keep his memory fresh and vivid, but even more because his clear-sighted pursuit of an aim should never be forgotten, because his firmness of will should be a perennial warning, a promise, an example, and a consolation.

For in spite of, nay because of, Hitler's monstrous treason to the German people, it is needful, instructive, and comforting to keep our eyes fixed upon the lofty aim that was once put forward as that of the National Socialist Party, that National Socialist Party which in practice the Hitler System has so shamelessly betrayed, so basely desecrated.

German comrades and fellow-countrymen, sometime National Socialists and now Party members, examine the books and writings, the speeches and pamphlets of Gregor Strasser, immerse yourselves in their words and their sense, read the 'inalterable' program of twenty-five points, and then back to consider what the Hitler System has actually been doing. In that way you will be enabled to grasp all the desolation of the German present.

You will perceive the most abominable fraud ever perpetrated upon believers, and you will understand why the henchmen of this system had the teacher and herald of German Socialism put to death.

Like an inkling of the doom that awaited him sound the words which Gregor Strasser used as dedication for his master-work, *Kampf um Deutschland* [Fight for Germany]:

*At one with them in will,  
I consecrate this book  
to those who have died  
for the movement.*

In very truth it was for this German Socialism that the fighters in the troubles of the post-war period went to their tombs. They died for the coming Germany of National Freedom and Social Justice.

They did not die to promote the economic dictatorship of Schacht, Krupp, and Kirdorff; to establish the control of peoples' minds by Goebbels, Himmler, and Goering; to have our souls enslaved by Streicher, Rosenberg, and Kerl.

That is why we pledge ourselves to these dead; why we pledge ourselves to Gregor Strasser who, having been the harbinger of German Socialism, became its martyr; why we solemnly swear:

*The Hitler System shall perish.  
German Socialism shall survive.*

[From *Germany Tomorrow* by Otto Strasser,  
(Jonathan Cape, 1940), pp. 241-3].





#### RECOMMENDED READING

*Germany Tomorrow* - Otto Strasser (Jonathan Cape, 1940)

*Hitler and I* - Otto Strasser (Jonathan Cape, 1940)

*History in My Time* - Otto Strasser (Jonathan Cape, 1941)

*Nemesis? The Story of Otto Strasser* - Douglas Reed  
(Jonathan Cape, 1940)

*Revolution vs. Reaction* - Peter White in *The Crusader* #2  
(The Rising Press, 1993)

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Nationalism* - ENM  
(The Rising Press, 1995)



## PART TWO

# GREGOR STRASSER: STRUGGLE FOR GERMANY

GREGOR STRASSER'S untimely death at the hands of Hitler's Gestapo was the signal for the suspension of the German Socialist Revolution. Unlike his brother, Gregor had chosen to remain in the N.S.D.A.P. and use his influence to push for a review of its economic policy. However, despite his initial loyalty to Hitler, Strasser eventually resigned and was soon considered an obstacle to the designs of German Capitalism and had to be dealt with severely. The following extract is illustrative of Gregor Strasser's vision of a Germany in which National Freedom and Social Justice compliment one another.

WE NATIONAL SOCIALISTS are socialists, genuine, national, German Socialists. We repudiate any attempt to tone down this idea by using the word 'social reformer' instead of the word 'Socialist'. This change of wording represents nothing but a hypocritical attempt to hide the most glaring defects of the Capitalist economic system. Or at best it can be regarded as the endeavour of compassionate and honourable persons to cure, by covering them up with plaster, the festering sores on the body of our economic life and of our people. We are 'Socialists', and not mere 'social reformers', and we do not hesitate to say it, although the Marxians have so painfully distorted the meaning of the former term.

What do we mean when we call ourselves National Socialists; and why are we National Socialists?

We start from the idea that a nation is made up of persons who have a community of fates. Now to have a community of fates signifies that there must be a community of needs, and if there is a community of needs there must be a community of bread.

The Nationalist movement joins us in recognising that there is a community of fates and a community of needs, but draws a halt when we say this necessarily means a community of bread. A community of bread signifies that the land, its treasures, and its powers, are the property of the entire people, of the entire nation. That is the significance of the misleading Marxian expression 'ownership of the means of production'. For not any one class, not even the working class, owns the means of production. The owner is the nation as a whole.

That denotes Revolution - an Economic Revolution? Certainly it does. We want this Economic Revolution, just as Baron vom Stein once wanted an Economic Revolution, and made it, to secure the national freedom of the German people. For what else but an

# REVOLUTION!



immense Economic Revolution was the widespread liberation of the serfs - a Revolution which the feudal magnates of those days would certainly have described (if the word had already existed) as 'Bolshevik', and which they did describe as 'a danger to the State' - even as our National Socialist demand is now described in Capitalist circles. Only thanks to the Economic Revolution of the liberation of the serfs, only through the incorporation of the newly established system of estates into the calcified organism of the State, were freed the mighty forces that were requisite; only thanks to this did the Prussia of 1806 become the Prussia of 1812 and the Germany of 1870. Moreover it is our profound conviction that in no other way than by the liberation of the fourth estate, by the incorporation of the German working class into the organism of the German nation, can the Germany of 1918 be transformed into the free Germany of a near and Great Germany of a more distant future.

We National Socialists perceive that there is a fateful and causal tie between the national liberty of our people and the economic emancipation of the German workers. We have recognised that the Capitalist economic system with its exploitation of those who are economically weak, with its robbery of the workers' labour-power, with its unethical way of appraising human beings by the number of things and the amount of money they possess, instead of by their internal value and their achievements, must be replaced by a new and just economic system, in a word by German Socialism. The basic idea of Socialism which, though Hebraically falsified, materialistically degraded, and demagogically caricatured, nevertheless lives on in the minds of millions upon millions of Social-Democratic and Communist workers, that ancient Teutonic notion of joint ownership by the whole tribe, by the whole nation, of the entire means of production, of the land, which the individual who toils it holds only in 'entail', as a usufructuary entrusted with his farm by the community - such is the rock-bottom upon which our wish to refashion economic life is grounded. The conviction, which is so deeply rooted in individual hearts that even a Capitalistically inclined person really accepts it in his inmost self, supplies the motive force to our National Socialist idea of economics, society, and the State.

We have to learn that work is more than possession, that achievement is more than dividends. The most deplorable legacy of the Capitalist economic system is that it has taught us to judge all things by the standards of money, ownership, possession. The decay of a people is a necessary outcome of applying such a standard of value, for selection by ownership is a mortal foe of the race, of blood, and of life. We have no shadow of doubt that under National Socialism this privilege of ownership will be annulled, and that the liberation of the German worker will go so far as to include a share in profit, a share in ownership, and a share in management. But we shall not have escaped from the old standard of value if we leave matters there, without insisting upon that revolution in the mind which impels us to our assault upon the spirit of the present system. We deliberately change from valuation by ownership to valuation by achievement, this latter being our sole standard. For us achievement is the main point, not dividend, just as we consider responsibility, rather than wealth or display, to be the climax of human endeavour. Here we have a new outlook, a new religion for economic life. Thanks to this, the worship of the Golden Calf will come to an end; the differences between human beings and the differences between their rights will be differences between their achievements, differences in the degrees of their responsibility, differences that come from God and are therefore sacred.



In the peoples movement there is much to talk about the crystallizing of a new leadership, and this touches upon what I have just been saying. But the methods that have been suggested for coming to a decision as to the best leaders, such as examination of the blood, and what not, seem to my practical mind somewhat dubious, as to their possibility, their use, and their effect. There is another plan, an Old-German, a Prussian plan, of which my friend Pfeffer has reminded me, and which seems to me admirable. I mean, choice based upon the army.

As a preliminary to the use of this method, service in the army must be voluntary - a privilege and not a duty. The practical plan would be to provide by law that every German citizen must do State service for a year. What I propose is that during this year he should not be set to roadmaking or some other sort of mass labour, but should be taught a handicraft, so that there should be no grown-up Germans who have not received at least one year's training in some craft or other. But the choice of the best would be left to apply to those who, after the year's 'civil service', chose to volunteer for the army. Army service would last several years, and, apart from this, it would only attract self-sacrificing persons, in as much as it would involve the chance of being exposed to the perils of war, and would therefore call for the heroic virtues. But, I repeat, to adopt service in the army would be left voluntary and unconstrained. Who can doubt that those Germans who volunteered for military service, which would take them away from private life for at least twice as long as the civil service did, would give no practical advantages for vocational life, but besides being much harder work, would entail upon the volunteer all the risks of war - who can doubt, I say, that such Germans as these volunteers would be the best Germans, racially the best, whose achievements on behalf of the State now and in the future would enormously transcend those of the average man?

The souls of human beings are overshadowed by a terrible hopelessness. Fixed values have been crumbling away. People don't know what to cling to, and vainly seek a centre of gravity, which they have lost in morals, and cannot find in religion. 'Relativity' has become the shibboleth of modern culture, the relativity of all things, of all feelings. Vainly does the sufferer try to escape the dull anxiety of an uneasy conscience, try to mark and excuse his instability with the aid of psychoanalysis. The core has been gnawed at until very little of it remains.

This is the sorest wound, perhaps incurable. For it is a profound truth that moral health is indispensable to the social and political stability of a people. Don't let the reader misunderstand me when I use the word 'moral'. Morality cannot be established upon any other foundation than the soul, cannot be sustained by any reputedly inalterable commandments, even though to begin with these commandments were fortified with a sort of 'extract of the soul'. We are not concerned here with the dogmatic morality proclaimed by an estate or by a religion, but with the harmony that prevails (or should prevail) between eternal nature and that which is divine in man. The form, therefore, is temporal, like man himself; but the content, the soul, is eternal.

You German workers number fifteen millions. With your dependants you comprise 85% of the German people. Why, then, should you tolerate having to suffer all through life, every hour of every day, from the most horrible anxiety about the morrow, the dread whether next pay-day, or on the first of next month, you will still have enough money to provide you and yours with food, clothing, and shelter?

Why should you put up, year after year, with the most poignant anxiety about old



age, having continually to ask yourselves: 'What on earth shall I do when I am no longer able to work?' Why do you endure having all the joys of life - the founding of a family, the upbringing of happy, healthy children - poisoned by the tyranny of a system that mercilessly exploits you, and treats you as slaves? Why should you stand having life's lesser pleasures - reverie in a wood, choosing a toy for the baby - spoiled, once more, by the tyranny of money?

Why do you put up with this servile existence which robs you of human dignity; cuts you off from the happiness of life; and converts that life of yours, which according to the eternal laws of nature and the eternal rights of man ought to be a psalm of praise to the Almighty, into a scream of hatred for the devil, a wail of sorrow and despair, of poverty and disgust and death?

Why do you put up with it brothers and sisters?

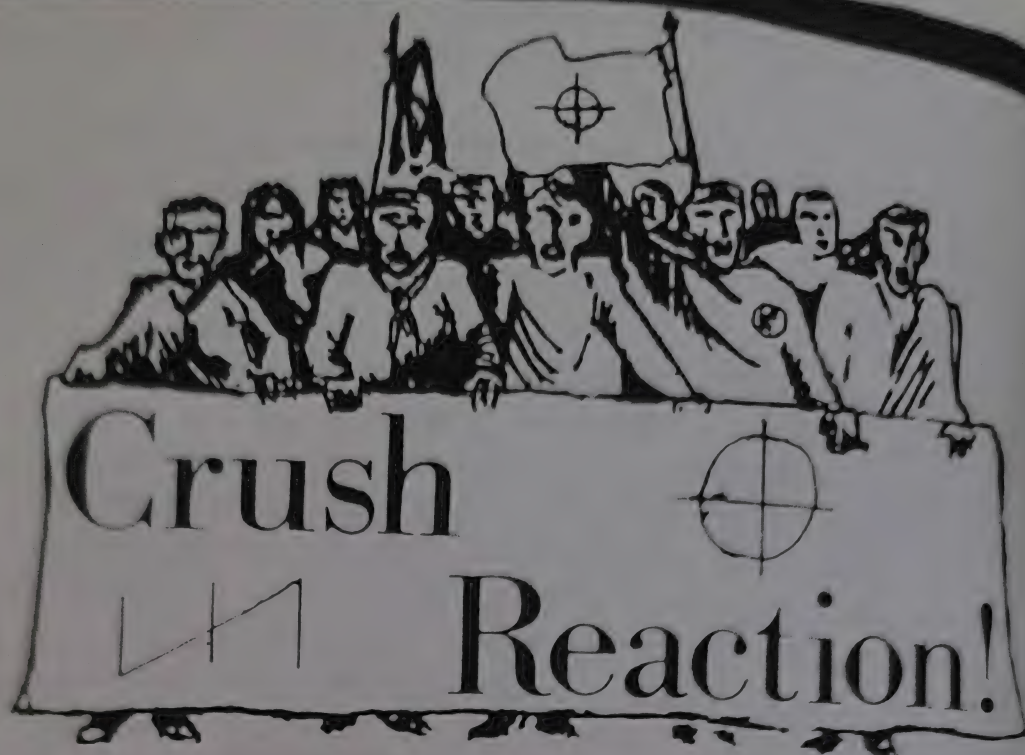
Because they lie to you and cheat you, cloud your vision so that you fail to see the enemy who afflicts you with all your woes. Because your hearts and brains are so drugged that you quarrel with one another instead of joining forces against that enemy: the unemployed has a grudge against the employed; the manual operative against the brainworker; the townsman against the agricultural labourer; the countryman against the official; and so on and so forth. Because you let them incite you against one another: the Communists against the Social-Democrats, both of them against the 'bourgeois'; the soldier against the civilian; the Red Front men against those that wear the Swastika. But aren't you comrades, comrades in misfortune, 'brothers of the chain'? Is not the same whip cracked in the ears of you all, are you not scourged by the same dread of poverty? Are not your lives unhappy enough already, without these quarrels?

We should not be Socialists if we were unwilling to fight against the class rule of the Capitalist System, which permits a class of citizens whose only title is one of ownership to decide the lives and the deaths of the great majority of their fellow-citizens. But we should not be Nationalists if we were not no less passionately determined to repudiate the hateful attempt to turn matters upside-down at the will of the brutalised masses of those who have hitherto been under the harrow, and are now unable to recognise the impossibility of detaching the fortunes of one class (be it a small minority or a large minority) from the fortunes of the nation. For here is our great discovery, that true Socialism is identical with true Nationalism, both being equally hostile to the class rule of a privileged bourgeoisie and the class rule of the proletariat.

What do we want then? Neither the 'bourgeois' nor the 'proletarians' - neither the bourgeois State nor yet the proletarian State. We want a new kind of man, we want the State of these new human beings who evoke in its pristine purity from the bourgeoisie the idea of Nationalism which issues from the depths of the blood; and evoke from the proletariat the idea of Socialism, redoubled in strength by the injustice the proletarians have suffered. We want all the champions from both camps who have discovered within themselves the synthesis that bridges the formidable abyss which now yawns between the two camps; that synthesis of the new idea which teaches us to be Socialists because we are Nationalists, and to be Nationalists because we are Socialists.

I see a fate it lowers over German history, which is an outflow of the struggle of the German soul on behalf of its self and to find itself - this surge of mutual hatreds, this murderous struggle of brother against brother for the sake of an idea which remains unknown to most of the combatants until, after the most fearful birthpangs, it is born in the





synthesis which was something new and nevertheless embodied what was best in both the contesting parties: in the Guelph-Ghibelline synthesis of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation; in the Papist-Lutheran synthesis of the lesser German empire which secured its definitive configuration through Bismarck; in the Bourgeois-Proletarian synthesis of the coming Third Reich of National Liberty and Social Justice.

[Translated from *Kampf um Deutschland* by Gregor Strasser (Kampfverlag, 1932), pp. 72-5, 101-2, 132-5, 137-8, 146-8, 165-6].

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*Kampf um Deutschland* [Struggle for Germany] - Gregor Strasser  
(Germany, 1932)

*Gregor Strasser and the Rise of Nazism* - Peter D. Stachura  
(George Allen & Unwin, 1981)

*A Man Marked for Death - in Foretaste of a New  
Dawn: Five Harbingers of the National Revolution*  
(The Rising Press, 1995)



## PART THREE

### RUDYARD KIPLING: PUCK'S SONG

KIPLING IS A rather unlikely candidate for a Revolutionary Nationalist compilation. Whilst he was undoubtedly an advocate of healthy English patriotism, he also had a strong belief in British imperialism. According to Andrew Rutherford, *"In the vulgar mind indeed he has been typecast as the spokesman for Anglo-India (in the sense of the British Community in India) and the propagandist of Empire. The political views which he shared with many millions both before and after him should not, however, be made a stick with which to beat his literary reputation."* Though Kipling's misguided love of colonialism remains obnoxious to all those who believe in self-determination and national independence, the following composition displays his genuine affection for our inimitable land.

SEE YOU THE ferny ride that steals  
Into the oak-woods far?  
O that was whence they hewed the keels  
That rolled to Trafalgar.

And mark you where the ivy clings  
To Bayham's mouldering walls?  
O there we cast the stout railings  
That stand around St. Paul's.

See you how the dimpled track that runs  
All hollow through the wheat?  
O that was where they hauled the guns  
That smote King Philip's fleet.

Out of the Weald, the secret Weald,  
Men sent in ancient years  
The horse-shoes red at Flodden Field,  
The arrows at poitiers!)

See you our little mill that clacks,  
So busy by the brook?  
She has ground her corn and paid her tax  
Ever since Domesday Book.

See you our stilly woods of oak,  
And the dread ditch beside?  
O that was where the Saxons broke  
On the day that Harold died.





See you the windy levels spread  
About the gates of Rye?  
O that was where the Northmen fled,  
When Alfred's ships came by.

See you our pastures wide and lone,  
Where the red oxen browse?  
O there was a City thronged and known,  
Ere London boasted a house.

And see you, after rain, the trace  
Of mound and ditch and wall?  
O that was a Legion's camping place,  
When Caesar sailed from Gaul.

And see you the marks that show and fade,  
Like shadows on the Downs?  
O they are the lines the Flint Men made  
To guard their wondrous towns.

Trackway and Camp and City lost,  
Salt Marsh where now is corn -  
Old Wars, old Peace, Old Arts that cease,  
And so was England born!

She is not any common Earth,  
Water or wood or air,  
But Merlin's Isle of Gramarye,  
Where you and I will fare!

[From *So Shall Ye Reap* by Rudyard Kipling  
(Hodder & Stoughton, 1942), pp.78-80].



## PART FOUR

# JEAN DENIS: THE FUNDAMENTALS OF REXIST DOCTRINE

PRIOR TO 1936, Belgium had been host to two distinct forms of popular expression. On the one hand, Flemish activists were campaigning vigorously to preserve their own independence from the French-speaking Walloons, and on the other, reactionaries and imperialists were perpetuating the rule of wealthy aristocrats. However, with the emergence of the Rexists [from *Christus Rex*, "Christ the King"] a new spirit of Social Nationalism began to inspire a rising generation of disgruntled Belgians. From their early origins in the A.C.J.B. (Catholic Association of Belgian Youth), charismatic leaders like Jean Denis and Léon Degrelle managed to create a movement which was totally opposed to the party system. In this section, Denis outlines the actual nature of this unique and dynamic phenomenon.

### 1. REX IS NEITHER A PARTY NOR A LEAGUE

Rex is a *movement*, that is to say an active force carrying a current of ideas.

Rex is a *revolutionary* movement.

The Rexist movement wants:

(a) *the destruction of the parties* which have arbitrarily divided the citizenry, consigning the nation to disorder, to extortions and to the uncontrolled rule of politicians ruled themselves by an anonymous oligarchy. This anonymous oligarchy, made up of those who really hold all powers in the country, manoeuvres in the shadows. It sways the vast herd of proletarianised citizens of all social classes, and, on the other hand, holds at its mercy, by their stupidity and by their cupidity, the country's political leadership. This anonymous oligarchy constitutes the only permanent and united force against the hickering, squabbling parties, which have never been as rotten or contemptible as they are today.

(b) *the reconstruction of a popular community* established on elementary moral foundations accepted by all. This popular community, Rex has started by restoring it within its own ranks. Within Rex and around Rex gather the men of *all* parties who understand that this regime is rotten, decaying, and that it must be replaced by something else - something lively, active, and capable of progress and of growth.

### 2. THE POPULAR COMMUNITY

The concept of the *individual* which forms the erroneous philosophical foundation of the present regime, and which was born of the catastrophic ideologues of the 17th and 18th centuries, must be replaced by the concept of the *human being*, which corresponds exactly to the reality of man - a social being endowed with a fundamental dignity, which society can help develop, and with which it has no right to interfere. The human being thrives not by referring everything to itself in a vain and selfish individualism but, on the contrary, by giving up the self and becoming part of communities.



The first community in which the human being thrives is the *family*.

The second community in which the human being thrives is the *profession*.

The third community in which the human being thrives is the *cultural and linguistic community*.

The fourth community in which the human being thrives is the *national community*.

All these communities combined constitute the *popular community*.

*The State must serve the popular community.*

The role of the State is to serve the common weal, by maintaining *peace among the citizens*, and by promoting *public prosperity*. The role of the State is to *direct, survey, stimulate, or curb*, according to circumstances or to necessity. The role of the State is not to *substitute itself to particular communities*, much better fitted than it is to see that human beings flourish. By taking the place of particular communities, the State has ruined, destroyed, annihilated them and thus handed over, unprotected, the liberties and rights of the weak to the bad faith of the strong and sly.

The Rexist movement wants:

(a) the destruction of all that which in the present regime compromises the existence of popular communities, suppresses their dignity - that is their functions and their social responsibilities. The congestion of the State must be relieved, so that it can carry out the functions peculiar to it more freely, more forcefully and more effectively.

(b) the reconstruction of particular communities, by a comprehensive series of measures designed to restore their position, their rights and their duties in the aggregate of the popular community. **THIS IS WHY THE PROGRAM OF REX IS FAMILIAL, PROFESSIONAL, CULTURAL AND LINGUISTIC, NATIONAL.**

The political regime under which we live recognises neither the existence nor the rights of the family, the profession, or the cultural and linguistic community; it has lost even the concept of national community, which has been replaced by the contest of private interests.

We may well say that *what we need is no more nor less than a revolution*, that is: to change the shape of things and re-create natural hierarchies indispensable to the welfare of man, which would be *the revolution of order*. A revolution directed against a well-ordered state of things is a revolution of disorder. Our revolution against a disorderly state of things is a revolution of order.

### 3. GENERAL OBJECTIVES OF THE REXIST REVOLUTION

Our first and essential goal is to *re-create and to re-establish* in their lost dignity the particular communities in which the human personality will be free to flourish. These communities are not based exclusively upon material interests. *They are, above all, of a moral nature*. But we believe that the moral order conditions all the others, and that even purely economic questions are above all social.

Before dealing with particular questions which interest a minority of people, it is necessary to consider the general questions which concern everybody. What we want is, first **PEACE**, then **PROSPERITY**.

Alone, and overly congested, before isolated individuals left to themselves, the State, as it exists at present, has shown itself incapable of ensuring either prosperity or peace. To secure peace and prosperity for all, we must begin by ensuring it - and, first and foremost





by ensuring existence and dignity - to Families, to Professions, to Cultural and Linguistic Communities, to the National Community.

[Translated from *Bases Doctrinales de Rex* by Jean Denis (Brussels, 1936), pp.8-11].

#### RECOMMENDED READING

*Bases Doctrinales de Rex* - Jean Denis  
(Brussels, 1936)

*La Bataille de Rex* - Jacques Saint-Germain  
(Paris, 1937)







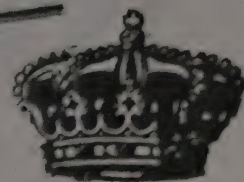
# PART FIVE

## LEON DEGRELLE: THE MESSAGE OF REX

# LE XX<sup>e</sup> SIÈCLE

IN DEUT. LE W Pax Christi in regno Christi EDITION ★

JOURNAL CATHOLIQUE ET NATIONAL DE DOCTRINE ET D'INFORMATION



LEON DEGRELLE IS a man who needs little introduction. Born in 1906 at Bouillon in the Ardennes, close to the French border, he began his political adventure by contributing to Léon Daudet's *Action Française* newspaper, after becoming inspired by Charles Maurras. At 23 he became the editor of *Le XXe Siècle* [*The Twentieth Century*] and, by the latter half of the 1930s, was leader of the emerging Rexist movement and went on to form an anti-Communist Legion of Walloon volunteers for the Eastern Front. By the end of the Second World War, Degrelle had become an S.S. Division Commander and was awarded the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross. But whilst he answered the German call in what he perceived as a pan-European struggle against Soviet Russia, at heart he remained a Belgian Nationalist. After being sentenced to death by the Belgian authorities during 1944 in his absence, Degrelle was forced to spend his final years as an exile in Spain. Degrelle was a living projection of the Political Soldier ethos and this extract suitably conveys the irresistible appeal he had for millions of Belgian people.

ALL THE PAST of the Belgian people, all our sensitiveness, all our national life, go against a regime of violence and terror. To affirm that Rex wants a dictatorship is a hateful lie against which we rise with all our heart and all our strength. Does the fact of having a leader imply dictatorship? There are, in that case, a great many dictators from the leader of industry and the school principal to the head-cook. Dictatorship, as the mass of the people understands it, means the brutal, liberticide and uncontrolled rule of a people and a country. Rex will fight such a regime with all its power. But opposition to tyranny does not mean rejection of all authority. Authority may be necessary and beneficial. It must be based entirely upon a spontaneous trust. The Rexist State will be no more authoritarian than our movement is: the only disciplines it will establish will be based on the need to ensure cohesion of common endeavour. The Leader, in Rex, is the one who sees in the nation, at all levels, not slaves or robots, but collaborators in a common task. The people has sought in vain these last fifteen years to make its voice heard, to say what it wanted, to learn what was wanted of it. But there is a divorce between people and power.

By going to the masses, by reaching millions of readers, by gathering immense crowds, we of Rex have wanted to cast from one shore to the other, across the empty gap,







... men whose spirit will tomorrow unite the nation and the popular masses.  
We are the true democrats.

We advance only carried by the will of the people. It is the people alone who will give us power. It is the people alone who will maintain us there. No régime can ever base itself as much as ours upon the incessant adherence of the people. We strengthen our contacts with it, over the air, on the screen, by mass meetings, by a truly free universal suffrage, and by means of popular referendums. Our régime will be strong, virile and constructive, because it will be built upon the rock, upon the people.

Rex is the realm of total souls, which do not bargain, which march steadily and undeviatingly on the road. This is the true Rexist miracle: this faith, this ardour, this burning confidence, this complete lack of selfishness and individualism, this tension of the whole being towards the service - however ungrateful, no matter where, no matter how - of a cause which transcends the individual, demanding all, promising nothing.

In a century when people live only for themselves, Rex has taught hundreds and thousands of men to live no longer for themselves but for a political ideal, to consent for its sake and in advance to every sacrifice, every humiliation, every kind of heroism.

[Translated from *La Bataille de Rex* by Jacques Saint-Germain (Paris, 1937), pp.210-14, 216-18].

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(Paris, 1940)

*Degrelle avait raison: Recueil des textes écrits par  
Léon Degrelle entre 1936 et 1940 dans le  
Pays Reel* - Léon Degrelle  
(Brussels, 1941)

*Degrelle ou a dit* - Louise Narvaez Duchesses de Valence  
(Paris, 1961)

*Letter to the Pope on His Visit to Auschwitz* - Léon Degrelle  
(Historical Review Press, 1979)

*Campaign in Russia* - Léon Degrelle  
(Crescy Books, 1979)

*Léon Degrelle and the Crusade for Europe* - National Alliance  
*The Quest for Attack and National Vanguard Editorial* 10/11/81  
(National Vanguard Books, 1984)



# FASCISM versus DISTRIBUTISM

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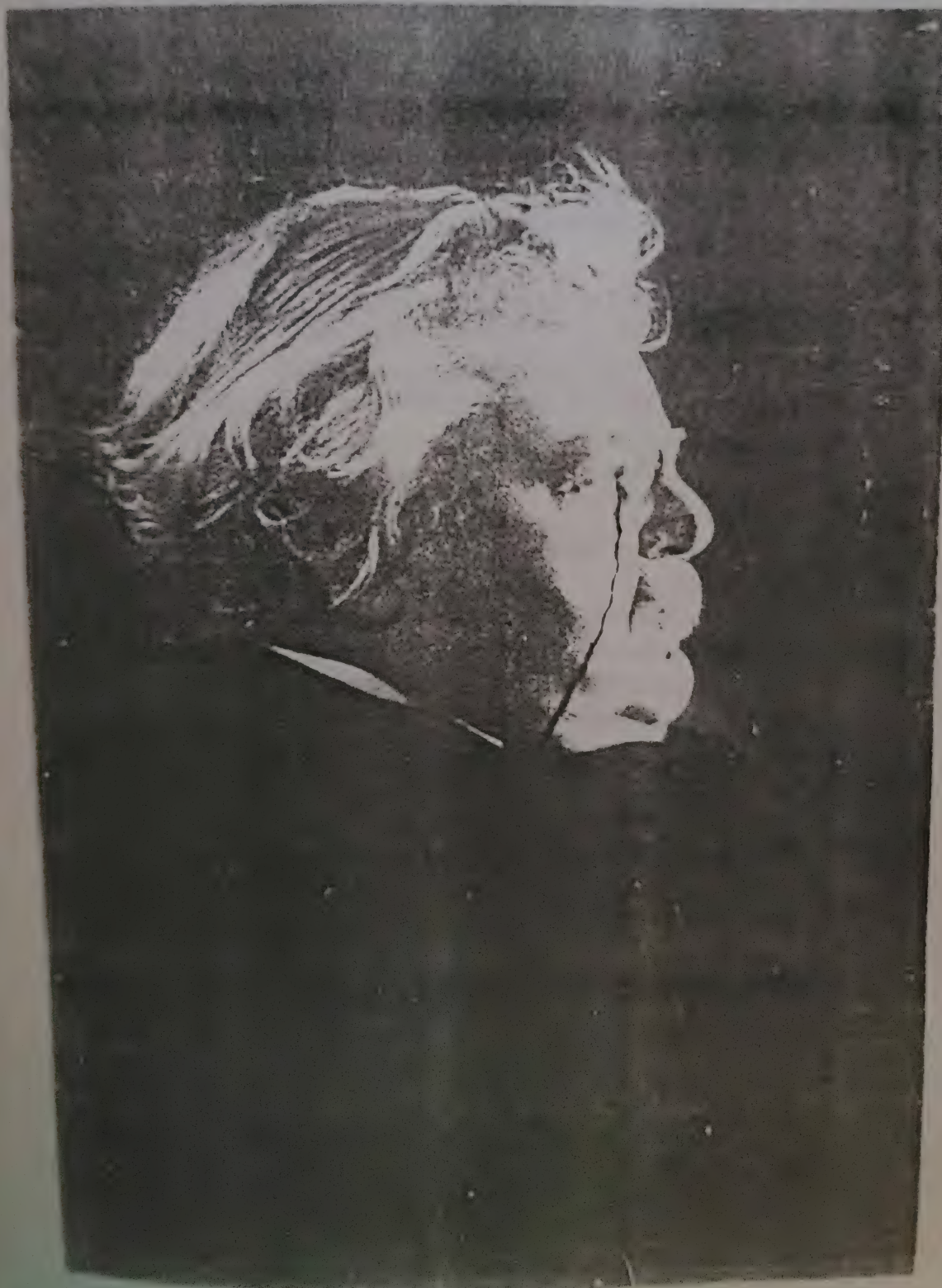
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## PART SIX

### G.K.CHESTERTON: THE SECRET PEOPLE

THE NAME CHESTERTON has become synonymous with great English literature although he is also known to Revolutionary Nationalists as one of the founders of The Distributist League. Throughout his many serious, poetic, objective, paradoxical, entertaining, political, satirical, apologetic and contentious works, there





runs a thread of basic common sense. In many ways, the following prophetic verses comprise the battle anthem of the English Nationalist Movement and reflect the nature of the coming Anglo-Saxon awakening. Indeed, it remains true that, whilst patience is most certainly a virtue, we English can only take so much.

SMILE AT US, pay us, pass us; but do not quite forget;  
For we are the people of England, that never have  
spoken yet.

There is many a fat farmer that drinks less cheer-  
fully.

There is many a free French peasant who is richer  
and sadder than we.

There are no folk in the whole world so helpless or  
so wise.

There is hunger in our bellies, there is laughter in  
our eyes;

You laugh at us and love us, both mugs and eyes  
are wet:

Only you do not know us. For we have not spoken  
yet.

The fine French kings came over in a flutter of flags  
and dames.

We liked their smiles and battles, but we never could  
say their names.

The blood ran red at Bosworth and the high French  
lords went down;

There was naught but a naked people under a naked  
crown.

And the eyes of the King's Servants turned terribly  
every way.

And the gold of the King's Servants rose higher  
every day.

They burnt the homes of the shaven men, that had  
been quaint and kind,

Till there was no bed in a monk's house, nor food  
that man could find.

The inns of God, where no man paid, that were the  
walls of the weak.

The King's Servants ate them all. And still we did  
not speak.



And the face of the King's Servants grew greater  
than the King;  
He tricked them, and they trapped him, and stood  
round him in a ring.  
The new grave lords closed round him, that had  
caten the abbey's fruits,  
And the men of the new religion, with their bibles  
in their boots,  
We saw their shoulders moving, to menace or  
discuss,  
And some were pure and some were vile; but none  
took heed of us.  
We saw the King as they killed him, and his face  
was proud and pale;  
And a few men talked of freedom, while England  
talked of ale.

A war that we understood not came over the world  
and woke  
Americans, Frenchmen, Irish; but we knew not the  
things they spoke.  
They talked about rights and nature and peace and  
the people's reign:  
And the squires, our masters, bade us fight; and  
scorned us never again.  
Weak if we be for ever, could none condemn us then:  
Men called us serfs and drudges; men knew that  
we were men.  
In foam and flame at trafalgar, On Albuera plains,  
We did and died like lions, to keep ourselves in  
chains.  
We lay in living ruins; firing and fearing not  
The strange fierce face of the Frenchmen who knew  
for what they fought,  
And the man who seemed to be more than man we  
strained against and broke;  
And we broke our own rights with him. And still  
we never spoke.

Our patch of glory ended; we never heard guns  
again.  
But the squire seemed stuck in the saddle; he was  
foolish, as if in pain.  
He leaned on a staggering lawyer, he clutched a  
cringing Jew,  
He was stricken; it may be, after all, he was stricken



at Waterloo.  
Or perhaps the shades of the fallen men, whose  
spoil is in his house.  
Come back in shining shapes at last to spoil his last  
carouse:  
We only know the last sad squares ride slowly  
towards the sea.  
And a new people takes the land: and still it is  
not we.

We hear men speaking for us of new laws strong  
and sweet.  
Yet there is no man speaketh as we speak in the  
street.  
It may be we shall rise at last as Frenchmen rose  
the first.  
Our wrath come after Russia's wrath and our wrath  
be the worst.  
It may be we are meant to mark with our rot and  
our rest  
God's scorn for all men governing. It may be beer  
is best.  
But we are the people of England; and we have  
not spoken yet.  
Smile at us, pay us, pass us. But do not quite  
forget.

They have given us into the hand of new unhappy  
lords.  
Lords without anger and honour, who dare not carry  
their swords.  
They fight by shuffling papers; they have bright  
dead alien eyes;  
They look at our labour and laughter as a tired man  
looks at flies.  
And the load of their loveless pity is worse than the  
ancient wrongs.  
Their doors are shut in the evening; and they know  
no songs.

[From *The Collected Poems of G.K. Chesterton*  
(Methuen, 1954), pp. 173-6].





#### RECOMMENDED READING

- Father Brown on Chesterton* - John O'Connor  
(Frederick Muller, 1937)
- Gilbert Keith Chesterton* - Maisie Ward  
(Sheed & Ward, 1944)
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(Sheed & Ward, 1952)
- G.K. Chesterton* - Dudley Barker  
(Constable, 1973)
- G.K. Chesterton: A Centenary Appraisal* - Ed. John Sullivan  
(Paul Elek, 1974)
- G.K. Chesterton* - Michael Ffinch  
(Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1986)
- Gilbert: The Man Who Was G.K. Chesterton* - Michael Coren  
(Jonathan Cape, 1988)
- Autobiography* G.K. Chesterton  
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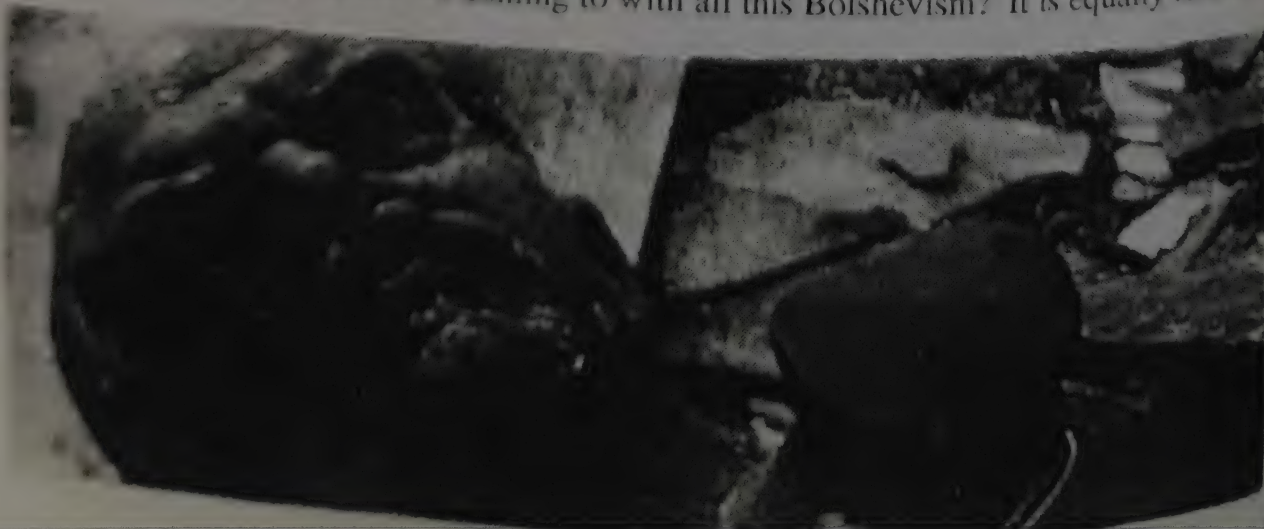
## PART SEVEN

# G.K.CHESTERTON: THE BEGINNING OF THE QUARREL

ALTHOUGH CHESTERTON churned out an immense range of enjoyable poetry and works of fiction, he was also known for his frequent attacks upon Capitalism and Marxism. The following extract is a defence of private property and argues the case for Distributist economics, but when Chesterton writes of 'Socialism' bear in mind that he is criticising the kind of State Capitalism advocated by Marxists, Bolsheviks and Social Democrats.

I HAVE been asked to republish these notes - which appeared in a weekly paper - as a rough sketch of certain aspects of the institution of Private Property, now so completely forgotten amid the journalistic jubilations over Private Enterprise. The very fact that the publicists say so much of the latter and so little of the former is a measure of the moral tone of the times. A pickpocket is obviously a champion of private enterprise. But it would perhaps be an exaggeration to say that a pickpocket is a champion of private property. The point about Capitalism and Commercialism, as conducted of late, is that they have really preached the extension of business rather than the preservation of belongings; and have at best tried to disguise the pickpocket with some of the virtues of the pirate. The point about Communism is that it only reforms the pickpocket by reforming pockets..

Pockets and possessions generally seem to me to have not only a more normal but a more dignified defence than the rather dirty individualism that talks about private enterprise... In any case, 'private enterprise' is no very noble way of stating the truth of one of the Ten Commandments. But there was at least a time when it was more or less true. The Manchester Radicals preached a rather crude and cruel sort of competition; but at least they practised what they preached. The newspapers now praising private enterprise are preaching the very opposite of anything that anybody dreams of practising. The practical tendency of all trade and business today is towards big commercial combinations, often more imperial, more impersonal, more international than many a Communist combination - things that are at least collective if not collectivist. It is all very well to repeat distractedly: 'What are we coming to with all this Bolshevism?' It is equally relevant





to add: 'What are we coming to, even without Bolshevism?' The obvious answer is Monopoly. It is certainly not private enterprise. The American Trust is not private enterprise. It would be truer to call the Spanish Inquisition private judgement. Monopoly is neither private nor enterprising. It exists to prevent private enterprise. And that system of trust or monopoly, that complete destruction of property, would still be the present goal of all our progress, if there were not a Bolshevik in the world.

Now I am one of those who believe that the cure for centralisation is decentralisation. It has been described as a paradox. There is something apparently elvish and fantastic about saying that when capital has come to be too much in the hands of the few, the right thing is to restore it into the hands of the many. The Socialist would put it into the hands of even fewer people; but those people would be politicians, who (as we know) always administer it in the interests of the many. But before I put before the reader things written in the very thick of the current controversy, I foresee it will be necessary to preface them with these few paragraphs, explaining a few of the terms and amplifying a few of the assumptions...

For instance, Capitalism is really a very unpleasant word. It is also a very unpleasant thing. Yet the thing I have in mind, when I say so, is quite definite and definable: only the name is a very unworkable word for it. When I say 'Capitalism', I commonly mean something that must be stated thus: 'That economic condition in which there is a class of Capitalists, roughly recognisable and relatively small, in whose possession so much of the capital is concentrated so as to necessitate a very large majority of those citizens serving those Capitalists for a wage. This particular state of things can and does exist, and we must have some word for it, and some way of discussing it. But this is undoubtedly a very bad word, because it is used by other people to mean quite other things. Some people seem to mean merely private property. Others suppose that Capitalism must mean anything involving the use of capital. But if that use is too literal, it is also too loose and even too large.'

My use of it may be arbitrary, but it is not useless. If Capitalism means private property, I am Capitalist. If Capitalism means capital, everybody is Capitalist. But if Capitalism means this particular condition of capital, only paid out to the mass in the form of wages, then it does mean something, even if it ought to mean something else...

The truth is that what we call Capitalism ought to be called Proletarianism. The point of it is not that some people have capital, but that most people only have wages because they do not have capital. I have made an heroic effort in my time to walk about the world calling Proletarianism instead of Capitalism... for what I complain of, in the current defence of existing Capitalism, is that it is a defence of keeping most men in wage dependence; that is keeping most men without capital...

There is enough verbal vagueness about Socialism to call for a word of definition. Socialism is a system which makes the corporate unity of society responsible for all its economic processes, or all those affecting life and essential living. If anything important is done, the Government has sold it; if anything important is given, the Government has given it; if anything important is even tolerated, the Government is responsible for tolerating it. It is the very reverse of Anarchy; it is an extreme enthusiasm for authority. It is in many ways worthy of the moral dignity of the mind; it is a collective acceptance of very complete responsibility. But it is silly of Socialists to complain of our saying that it must be a destruction of liberty. It is almost equally silly of Anti-Socialists to complain of the



unnatural and unbalanced brutality of the Bolshevik Government in crushing a political opposition. A Socialist Government is one which in its nature does not tolerate any true and real opposition. For there the Government provides everything; and it is absurd to ask a Government to *provide* an opposition...

Opposition and rebellion depend on property and liberty. They can only be tolerated where other rights have been allowed to strike root, besides the central right of the ruler. Those rights must be protected by a morality which even the ruler will hesitate to defy. The critic of the State can only exist where a religious sense of right protects his claim to his own... pen or his own printing-press. It is absurd to suppose that he could borrow the royal pen to advocate regicide or use the Government printing-press to expose the corruption of the Government. Yet it is the whole point of Socialism, the whole case for Socialism, that unless all printing-presses are Government printing-presses, printers may be oppressed. Everything is staked on the State's justice; it is putting all the eggs in one basket. Many of them will be rotten eggs; but even then you will not be allowed to use them in political elections.

About fifteen years ago a few of us began to preach in the old *New Age* and *New Witness*, a policy of small distributed property (which has since assumed the awkward but accurate name of Distributism), as we should have said then, against the two extremes of Capitalism and Communism. The first criticism we received was from the most brilliant Fabians, especially Mr. Bernard Shaw. And the form which that first criticism took was simply to tell us that our ideal was impossible. It was only a case of Catholic credulity about fairy tales. The Law of Rent, and other economic laws, made it inevitable that the little rivulets of property should run down into the pool of plutocracy. In truth, it was the Fabian wit, and not merely the Tory fool, who confronted our vision with that venerable verbal opening: 'If it were all divided up tomorrow -'

Nevertheless, we had an answer even in those days, and though we have since found many others, it will clarify the question if I repeat this point of principle. Suppose Mr. Bernard Shaw... were to blame me for believing (on the word of some lying priest) that magic could be thrown up into the air and hang there suspended like a rainbow. Suppose he told me tenderly that I should not believe this Popish fable of the magic stones, if I had only had the Law of Gravity scientifically explained to me. And suppose, after all this, I found he was only talking about the impossibility of building an arch. I think most of us would form two main conclusions about him and his school. First, we should think them very ill-informed about what is really meant by recognising a law of nature. A law of nature can be recognised by resisting it, or out-manceuvring it, or even using it against itself, as in the case of the arch. And second, and much more strongly, we should think them astonishingly ill-informed about what has already been done upon this earth.

Similarly, the first fact in the discussion of whether small properties can exist is the fact that they do exist. It is a fact almost equally unmistakable that they not only exist but endure. Mr. Shaw affirmed, in a sort of abstract fury, that 'small properties will not stay small'...

The truth is that the conception that small property evolves into Capitalism is a precise picture of what practically never takes place. The truth is attested even by facts of geography, facts which, as it seems to me, have been strangely overlooked. Nine times out of ten, an industrial civilisation of the modern Capitalist type does *not* arise, wherever else it may arise, in places where there has hitherto been a distributive civilisation like that of a



peasantry. Capitalism is a monster that grows in deserts. Industrial servitude has almost everywhere arisen in those empty spaces where the older civilisation was thin or absent. Thus it grew up easily in the North of England rather than the South; precisely because the North had been comparatively empty and barbarous through all the ages when the South had a civilisation of guilds and peasantries. Thus it grew up easily in the American continent rather than the European; precisely because it had nothing to supplant in America but a few savages, while in Europe it had to supplant the culture of multitudinous farms.

To take up our parable again, we say first that arches exist; and not only exist but remain. A hundred Roman aqueducts and amphitheatres are there to show that they can remain as long or longer than anything else. And if a progressive person informs us that an arch always turns into a factory chimney, or even that an arch always falls down because it is weaker than a factory chimney, or even that wherever it does fall down people perceive that they must replace it with a factory chimney - why, we shall be so audacious as to cast doubts on all three assertions. All we could possibly admit is that the principle supporting the chimney is simpler than the principle of the arch; and for that very reason the factory chimney, like the feudal tower, can rise the more easily in a howling wilderness...

And now, to complete the coincidence or analogy, what is the principle of the arch? You can call it, if you like, an affront to gravitation; you will be more correct if you call it an appeal to gravitation. The principle asserts that by combining separate stones of a particular shape in a particular way, we can ensure that their very tendency to fall shall prevent them from falling. And though my image is merely an illustration, it does to a great extent hold even as to the success of more equalised properties. What upholds an arch is the equality of pressure of the separate stones upon each other. The equality is at once mutual aid and mutual obstruction. It is not difficult to show that in a healthy society the moral pressure of different private properties acts in exactly the same way. But if the other school finds the key or comparison insufficient, it must find some other. It is clear that no natural forces can frustrate the fact. To say that any law, such as that of rent, makes against it is true only in the sense that many natural laws make against all morality and the very essentials of manhood. In that sense, scientific arguments are as irrelevant to our cause for property as Mr. Shaw used to say they were to his case against vivisection...

What do we mean by that 'equality of pressure' as of the stones in an arch?... In general we mean that the modern passion for incessant and restless buying and selling goes with the extreme inequality of men too rich or too poor. The explanation of the continuity of peasantries (which their opponents are simply forced to leave unexplained) is that, where that independence exists, it is valued exactly as any other dignity is valued when it is regarded as normal to a man; as no man goes naked or is beaten with a stick for bare.

The theory that those who start reasonably equal cannot remain reasonably equal is a fallacy founded entirely on a society in which they start extremely unequal. It is quite true that when Capitalism has passed a certain point, the broken fragments of property are very easily devoured. In other words, it is true when there is a small amount of small property; but it is quite untrue when there is a large amount of small property. To argue that what happened in the rush of Big Business and the rout of scattered small businesses must always happen when the parties are more on a level, is quite illogical...

The truth is that there is no economic tendency whatever towards the disappearance



of small property, until that property becomes so very small as to cease to act as property at all. If one man has a hundred acres and another man has half an acre, it is likely enough that he will be unable to live on half an acre. Then there will be an economic tendency for him to sell his land and make the other man the proud possessor of a hundred and a half. But if one man has thirty acres and the other man has forty acres, there is no economic tendency of any kind whatever to make the first man sell to the second. It is simply false to say that the first man cannot be secure of thirty or the second man content with forty...

Needless to say, those who insist that roughly equalised ownership cannot exist, base their whole argument on the notion that it has existed. They have to suppose, in order to prove their point, that people in England, for instance, did begin as equals and rapidly reached inequality. And it only rounds off the humour of their whole position that they assume the existence of what they call an impossibility in the case where it has really not occurred. They talk as if ten miners had run a race and one of them had become the Duke of Northumberland. They talk as if the first Rothschild was a peasant who patiently planted better cabbages than the other peasants. The truth is that England became a Capitalist country because it had long been an oligarchical country...

But the case is even stronger when we add the ethical to the economic common sense. When there is once established a widely scattered ownership, there is a public opinion that is stronger than any law; and very often (what in modern times is even more remarkable) a law that is really an expression of public opinion. It may be really difficult for modern people to imagine a world in which men are not generally admired for covetousness and crushing their neighbours; but I assure them that such strange patches of an earthly paradise do really remain on earth.

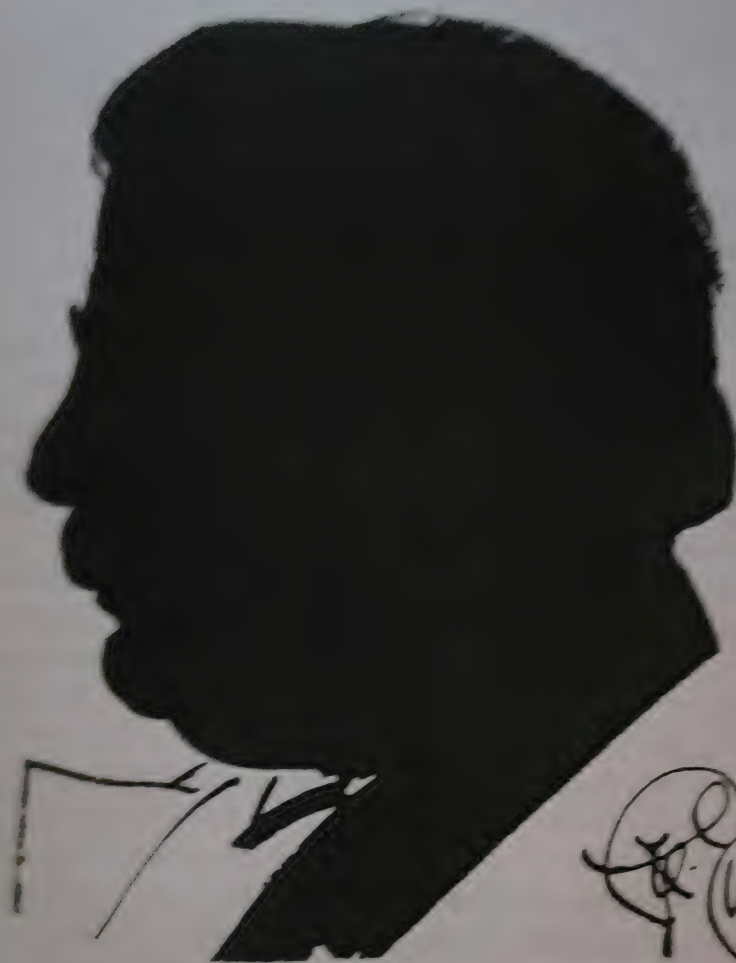
The truth is that this first objection of impossibility in the abstract flies flat in the face of all the facts of experience and human nature. It is not true that a moral custom cannot hold most men content with a reasonable status, and careful to preserve it. It is as if we were to say that because some men are more attractive to women than others, therefore the inhabitants of Balham under Queen Victoria could not have been arranged on a monogamous model, with one man one wife. Sooner or later, it might be said, all females would be found clustering around the fascinating few, and nothing but bachelorhood would be left for the unattractive many...

When it is really thought hateful to take Naboth's vineyard, as it is to take Uriah's wife, there is little difficulty in finding a local prophet to pronounce the judgement of the Lord. In an atmosphere of capitalism the man who lays field to field is flattered; but in an atmosphere of property he is promptly jeered at or possibly stoned. The result is that the village has not sunk into plutocracy or the suburb into polygamy...

In the notes I have here jotted down it will be obvious, of course, that the restoration of this pattern, simple as it is, is much more complicated in a complicated society. Here I have only traced it in its simplest form as it stood, and still stands, at the beginning of our discussion. I disregard the view that such 'reaction' cannot be... There is nothing to be reached upon the present lines except the increasing loss of property by everybody, as something swallowed up into a system equally impersonal and inhuman, whether we call it Communism or Capitalism. If we cannot go back, it hardly seems worthwhile to go forward.

There is nothing in front but a flat wilderness of standardisation either by Bureaucracy or Big Business. But it is strange that some of us should have seen sanity, if





...in a vision, while the rest go forward chained eternally to enlargement without liberty  
and progress without hope.

[From *The Outline of Sanity* by G.K. Chesterton  
(Carraig Books, 1974), pp. 3-19]

#### RECOMMENDED READING

*Essay on the Restoration of Property* - Hilaire Belloc  
(Wheatsheaf Books, 1984)

*Orthodoxy* - G.K. Chesterton  
(Image Books, 1959)

*The Outline of Sanity* - G.K. Chesterton  
(Carraig Books, 1974)

*The Napoleon of Notting Hill* - G.K. Chesterton  
(Penguin Books, 1985)



## PART EIGHT

### WILLIAM MORRIS: WORK AND THE MACHINE

WHILST MISTAKENLY describing himself as a Marxist, Morris has been claimed by Communists, Anarchists and Revolutionary Nationalists alike, but one thing is certain: he was among the nineteenth century's greatest critics of the Industrial Revolution and its devastating effects on ordinary people. In his heart, William Morris was both a ruralist and a medievalist who had a love for beautiful craftsmanship and the traditional English way of life. In this literary offering he gives us a vision of a brighter future, a post-revolutionary alternative to the choking industrialisation which characterised his age. Leon Rosselson has rightly said of Morris that his visionary character was expressed "In the patterns that he wove, in the colours that he loved, in the hope that he gave".

NOW AS to the work, first of all it will be useful, and, therefore, honourable and rewarded, because there will be no temptation to make mere useless toys, since there will be no such men cudgelling their brains for means of spending superfluous money, and consequently no organisers of labour pandering to degrading follies for the sake of profit, wasting their intelligence and energy in contriving snares for cash in the shape of trumpery which men themselves heartily despise. Nor will the work turn out trash: there will be no necessity of going to make a market for wares which no one would choose to use if they were not driven to do so; everyone will be able to afford things good of their kind, and will have knowledge enough to reject what is not excellent: coarse and rough wares may be made for temporary purposes, but they will openly proclaim themselves for what they are, and no deception will be unknown.

Furthermore, machines of the most ingenious and best-approved kinds will be used when necessary, but will be used simply to save human labour; nor, indeed, could they be made for anything but in such well-ordered work as we are thinking about.

With the manufacture of useless goods, whether harmful luxuries for the rich or industrial materials for the poor, having come to an end, and we still being at





possession of the machines once used for mere profit-grinding, but now used only for saving human labour, it follows that much less labour will be necessary for each workman; all the more as we are going to get rid of all non-workers, and busy-idle people: so that the working time of each member of our factory will be very short, say, to be within the mark, four hours a day.

Now, next it may be allowable for an artist - that is, one whose work is pleasant and not slavish - to hope that in no factory will all the work, even that necessary four hours' work, be mere machine-tending; and it follows from what was said above about machines being used to save labour, that there would be no more work which would turn men into mere machines; therefore, at least some promotion of the work, the necessary and in fact compulsory work I mean, would be pleasant to do; the machine-tending ought not to require a very long apprenticeship, therefore in no case should any one person be set to run up and down a machine through all his working hours every day, even so shortened as we have seen: now the attractive work of our factory, that which was pleasant in itself to do, would be of the nature of art; therefore all slavery of work ceases under such a system, for whatever is burdensome about the factory would be taken turn and turn about, and so distributed, would cease to be a burden - would be, in fact, a kind of rest from the more exciting or artistic work.

[From *A Factory As It Might Be*  
by William Morris (1884)]

#### RECOMMENDED READING

*Art Under Plutocracy* - William Morris  
(1883)

*Art and Socialism* - William Morris  
(1884)

*A Dream of John Ball* - William Morris  
(1886)

*House of the Wolfings* - William Morris  
(1888)

*The Roots of the Mountains* - William Morris  
(1889)

*News From Nowhere* - William Morris  
(1890)

*A Factory As It Might Be* - William Morris  
(Mushroom Books, 1994)

*William Morris: A Vision Rather Than a Dream* - ENM in  
*Foretaste of a New Dawn: Five Harbingers*  
*of the National Revolution*  
(The Rising Press, 1995)



**PART NINE**  
**JOHN JENKINS: PRISON LETTERS**





ON MONDAY, 20th April 1970, John Barnard Jenkins, aged 37, was sentenced to ten years imprisonment for eight offences involving explosives. Born at Cardiff in 1933, he [eventually] joined the Armed Forces in 1952 and went on to serve with the Royal Army Dental Corps. After becoming disillusioned with Plaid Cymru's involvement in parliamentary politics, Jenkins rose to command the Mudiad Amddiffyn Cymru (M.A.C.), a paramilitary group committed to full Welsh independence. During the late 1960s, a sustained three-year bombing campaign brought the whole issue of British imperialism to the fore, but there were also casualties on the Nationalist side. On 30th June 1969, George Taylor and Alwyn Jones - two key M.A.C. activists - were killed as they planted a bomb at Caernarfon in defiance of Charles' Investiture as the Prince of Wales due to take place the following day. Their selfless martyrdom for the Welsh Cause and Jenkins' subsequent capture and incarceration, were born of a fierce loyalty to the dual concepts of Blood and Soil. The following letter, composed in defence of his involvement with the M.A.C. and its policy of direct action, reveals how John Jenkins saw his own role in the protection of his beloved land. His fight is our fight.

HM Prison  
Albany  
3/4/1973

*To Raymond Williams*

Annwyl Raymond,

...THOSE WHO believe in the ethical motivation of our masters apparently believe that the granting of Independence is a simple matter automatically following the election of 19 or more Nationalist M.P.'s. I am called an Idealist and this is deserved, but I deal only in facts which are provable and trends which can be deduced, and the facts are as follows:

- 1) Plaid Cymru has been functioning for nearly 50 years and has achieved very little.
- 2) It has been estimated that at the present rate of progress it will take a further 50 years to gain even half the Welsh seats.
- 3) Wales cannot wait that long, and therefore -
- 4) The strategy must be changed.

I happen to believe that a new, free Welsh-speaking Wales is worth fighting for and even dying for, unlike those who are prepared to wait for a miracle; that we as Welsh people shall remain a recognisably linguistic, social and ethnic entity is itself a miracle and we cannot hope for more unless we are prepared to make history rather than read it. When one goes to clean out the Augean Stables, one must expect to emerge eventually smelling rather less sweet than roses and spattered with rather more than sweat...

In common with most other patriots, I claim the inalienable and constitutional right to bear arms in defence of my people and to fight for the survival of our identity and



culture; the fact that I do so at the behest of my conscience and not as a result of some senior government official signing a piece of paper detracts neither from its legality or moral justification. People should not believe official propaganda, in which those like myself are classed as malcontents and troublemakers. The necessity for my commission of certain drastic acts came about as a direct result of others' omission of normal defensive acts over many years. I regretted my actions, but I regretted even more the conditions which made them necessary. I did not create the environment which created me; the environment evolved as a result of hundreds of years of pacifists relying on the goodwill of our masters, when a moment's thought should have been sufficient to demonstrate that had they been the fount of moral and ethical values, they could never have become our masters.

I must be regarded, as must be Dafydd Iwan, Ffred Fransis and my other fellow-members of Cymdeithas yr Iaith, as symptoms of an overall pattern rather than as causes of unrest. We who agitate must be seen in true historical perspective as part of a classic sequence which is as inevitable as the seasons; the reason for the spontaneous interest and action is due to the recognition of the vital importance of time and the National loss if the wait be too long...

My love for my country is not conditional and neither would my actions be motivated by anything other than a desire to execute my duties as a loving, loyal and totally dedicated Cymro. I do not regard the terms 'Fanatic' and 'Ruthless' as denigration, but as necessary qualities which must be utilised to harness the goodwill of the people to the application necessary to formulate and execute any action necessary to attain the National objective.

The fact that I am in prison I regard as merely a necessary phase which cannot be regarded in isolation as a failure, but which must be seen and addressed in the terms of the overall picture. It can be regarded as a failure in the way that a momentary glimpse of Hastings in 1066 during which the Normans were executing their 'retreat' could be described as an English Victory. The killing of the leaders of the Easter Rebellion of 1916 did not signify defeat for the Cause as such, any more than the death of Christ on the Cross betokened the end for Christianity.

Prison for revolutionaries is a time-honoured and accepted phase because this is where the sheep are separated from the goats, and where those who do and those who say, finally part. Saunders Lewis has written that the road to Freedom runs through the prison gates, and this is true because the cell is in the front line of Welsh Political Action. It is also a fact that the Nationalist in prison adds a new dimension to Patriotism and a new qualification for Cymreictod. The Nationalist free to the Nationalist in prison is the Army Cadet to the hardened veteran. It is easy to be Christ on Palm Sunday but there is more merit in those who will face a Good Friday; therefore although my prison ordeal may not entitle me to dispense moral judgements upon those whose philosophy is not entirely compatible with my own, if I do so decide, they have a greater validity than those from without. The discussion does not hinge on philosophic points but on facts, figures, love and action;

- a) Wales is dying - Fact.
- b) 500 years of Pacifism has been counter-productive - Fact.

c) 6 years  
the P

W.S. Parry  
than one front.  
Economic, Cultural  
new society, the  
cultural deprivation  
the ultimate sacrifice  
Pritchards, the I  
and Shirley Bas  
for Welsh-Speak

If W.S. Parry  
armchair and  
provoked) from





- c) 6 years of agitation have been more productive than the previous 600 - Fact.

W.S. Parry also misinterprets my remarks about the Cause moving forward on more than one front. Any Cause, in order to succeed must move forward on the Political, Economic, Cultural and Military fronts; that is, the Cause must have a practical vision of a new society, the financial means and brains to sustain the struggle, the bitterness of cultural deprivation and the love of cultural heritage, and finally the means and will to use the ultimate sanction if necessary to achieve the objective. I do not see that the Caradog Pritchards, the Emlyn Williams', the Goronwy Rees', the Richard Burtons, the Tom Jones' and Shirley Basseys et al., in all the glory of their Berkshire and Surrey homes, do much for Welsh-Speaking Free and Socialist Wales...

If W.S. Parry undertakes to stop fulminating from the fireside, attacking from the armchair and sermonising from the sofa, then I will try to stop pontificating (unless provoked) from the prison. Hwyl.

Er mwyn Cymru,  
John

[From *Prison Letters* by John Jenkins  
(Y Lolfa, 1981), pp.62-66].

#### RECOMMENDED READING

*Prison Letters* - John Jenkins  
(Y Lolfa, 1981)

*To Dream of Freedom: The Struggle of M.A.C.  
and the Free Wales Army* - Roy Clews  
(Y Lolfa, 1980)

*The Celtic Revolution: A Study in Anti-Imperialism*  
- Peter Berresford Ellis  
(Y Lolfa)

*The Welsh Extremist* - Ned Thomas  
(Gollancz)





ENGLISH NATIONALIST MOVEMENT  
BM BOX LCRN  
LONDON WC1N 3XX  
ENGLAND  
TEL. (01304) 214697